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THE WEATHER

Official forecasts for to-day indicate that it will be generally fair.

Mr. Fairbank is making a great effort to resist the introduction of fat-frying methods in theatrical circles.

Mr. Hanna declares that it is none of the public's business if he did oppress labor. Mr. Hanna is a shining light in the "public be d-d" class.

It would seem that the less the members of the Cleveland Cabinet have to say concerning "discredited statesmen" the better it will be for all concerned.

Mr. Addicks is said to be very much put out. He doubtless feels that he should be accorded better treatment because of his long period of putting up.

The Governor of Kentucky has come to the conclusion that, as far as his Presidential chances are concerned, it is going to be a long time between delegates.

In addition to refusing to feed them, the St. Louis people are beginning to shoot at the colored delegates. The colored delegate business is not as profitable as it used to be.

Rhode Island is a small State, with a small pair of Vice-Presidential candidates. However, as the Vice-Presidency is regarded as a small affair, perhaps the Rhode Island people may carry off the nomination.

The Republican Convention could administer a striking rebuke to the St. Louis hotel-keepers by nominating a man for Vice-President and at the same time give a long-deferred recognition to the strong element in the party.

By the inauguration of a large number of contests and the adoption of the methods employed at St. Louis it would be possible for the Democratic National Committee to control the Chicago Convention and prevent a silver platform, but such control would be undemocratic and worthless.

Why this discrimination between Hanna and Addicks? The only glaring difference between the men and their methods is in favor of the Delaware financier. He has never made war on labor and has never attempted to take the job of President-making out of the hands of the people.

The long-dreaded Macedonian uprising, which many have shiveringly awaited as the overture to the great European war, threatens to break out at last. It is to be hoped that it may, anything that would shake the unspeakable Turk off the necks of his Christian subjects would be a blessing, even if it came in the form of a general war. If the Turkish estate were once thrown into liquidation even the American account would be settled before the books were closed.

NOT A TRIUMPH OF COWARDICE. The Evening Post, with its customary desire to put the worst construction on every feature of American life, attributes McKinley's certain nomination to his silence on the financial question, and finds this "triumph of cowardice" in our politics "full of evil omen for our future."

The situation is bad enough, but to say that it is as bad as this is a wilful perversion of facts of common notoriety. McKinley's cowardice is not the cause of his hold on the Republican masses—quite the reverse. It has injured, rather than helped, him in his canvass for the nomination. But for the undignified spectacle which his own timidity and Hanna's over-cautious policy have made of him we believe he would have had more votes in the St. Louis Convention than he has now. If "the Almighty God hates a quitter," the American people hate a coward.

McKinley's hold upon the rank and file of the Republican party is due to the persistent idealization of the man for the past six years by the Republican organs and politicians all over the country, including those that are now trying to undo their work. From the time the McKinley bill was reported its author has been hailed as the typical Republican statesman—the incarnation of Republican principles. When the hard times came in 1893 the moulders of Republican opinion everywhere said that it was because McKinley's work had been repudiated, and that a return to McKinleyism would mean more prosperity.

This is why the Republican of all sections turned this year to a

cord to McKinley. They believed what their leaders had told them, and it was not their fault that their leaders had set up a statue of painted wood and told them it was bronze. Most of McKinley's delegates were already elected before his silence on the money question attracted general attention. If he had been known six months ago as he is known now he would not have secured a mortgage on the National Convention of his party. The American people are all right. They may be fooled sometimes, but they never knowingly prefer a jellyfish to a man.

INGALLS ON EQUAL RIGHTS.

Perhaps if Senator John J. Ingalls, in 1890, had as frankly expressed an intelligent estimate of the social and economic conditions of the people of the United States as he does in to-day's Journal he might not have been defeated by a Populist. Peffer might have remained a country editor.

A bright new light has broken over Mr. Ingalls. Perhaps Populism in his State helped to kindle it. A little extreme radicalism is always useful to awaken moribund conservatism to the new conditions of the day. And so we find Ingalls now saying through the Journal: "The issues of the present are not formulated. They arise from different conditions and deal with more subtle problems. Having obtained equal rights for all, we must now secure equal opportunities for all in the battle of life. This is the mission of the Republican party in future. This is the meaning of the struggle for protection and bimetallism."

The Populists in Mr. Ingalls' State have a slogan—and a very good one it is, too—which runs thus: "Equal rights for all; special privileges for none; and keep in the middle of the road." The distinguished ex-Senator seems to have adopted part of this creed, but when he talks about protection as conducive to equal rights and equal opportunities for all he wobbles all over the straight road of logic. And when, professing to predict what the Republican convention is going to do, he prelates about bimetallism, he strikes a right angle to the path of truth.

Protection is necessarily a denial of equal rights and equal opportunities to all, for it enforces upon one man a tax that another may receive a bounty. And it has been under forty years of uninterrupted tariff taxation so constantly increasing that the too moderate reductions of the Wilson law impressed the country as almost a revolution that there grew up the popular unrest which the Journal's eminent correspondent thus describes:

There has been no time since the abolition of slavery when the masses were so agitated as now by the injustices of society and the unequal distribution of its privileges and burdens.

Withal we do not believe that this agitation of the masses will be quieted by multiplying the taxes which the tenement pays to the ironmonger's palace or by a pronouncement for bimetallism, which means gold to Wall street and silver to Abilene, Kan. Mr. Ingalls may be congratulated on having entered the right path, but he has a long way to go before he reaches the true goal of securing to all equal rights and equal opportunities. He never will reach it so long as he clings to that taxation which buttresses monopoly and is blind to that which breaks monopoly down.

THAT MONEY PLANK.

If there be such a thing as indomitable cowardice, the McKinleyites all over the land possess it.

Here is the Tribune, for example, pleading against the use of the word "gold" in the currency plank of the Republican platform. "There is no necessity," says the venerable Republican organ, "to maintain that the words 'gold standard' must of necessity be used because the present standard is that, and everybody knows it."

If everybody knows it, why not say it? And who, by the way, is everybody? The last Republican President elected received the electoral vote of every State west of the Mississippi and north of Missouri. Are the people of those States perfectly cognizant of the fact that the present currency system is one of gold monometallism, and, if so, are they likely to be contented with a platform approval of the existing monetary system provided the word "gold" be left out?

And, by the way, if the present monetary system be one based upon gold, who made it so? Not the Republican party, which enacted the Sherman Silver Purchase law and had to wait for a Democratic House and a Democratic President to accomplish its repeal. Surely not the Republican party, which, with a working majority in the House and Senate, was still unable to pass a tariff bill without adding to it a provision for the free and unlimited coinage of silver. President Cleveland alone, individually, without the assistance of his party, is to be credited—if it be creditable—with having transferred the currency of the nation from a bimetallic to a gold basis.

This being the case, how will the St. Louis Convention couple applause of the present money system with a strenuous denunciation of the Cleveland administration—both of which are promised? And how will the Republican

candidate profit by a cowardly straddle, which, being intended to mean gold in the East and silver in the West, is likely to affront both sections?

RELIGION AND POLITICS IN BROOKLYN.

There is a prejudice in experienced convivial circles against mixed drinks. This feeling evidently does not prevail in the Baptist Temple of Brooklyn, where a fine brand of pure old religion is occasionally served up with political trimmings that make the compound unserviceable for salvation without becoming attractive as statesmanship.

In his sermon on Sunday, for instance, the Rev. Cortland Myers drew a charmingly tasteful parallel between the gold standard and the riches of Paradise. "If the nation," he exclaimed, "decides to make 80 cents worth of silver, or 50 cents worth of silver, equal to a gold dollar, their small savings would suffer the loss, and yet what is that in comparison to the duty of telling them of the treasures in Heaven and the free riches of salvation?"

Very little, we should think. In view of the fact that Platt, Lodge, Lew Wallace, Mr. Godkin and so many other distinguished statesmen and litterateurs are devoting their energies to the championship of the gold standard, it would seem as if Mr. Myers might afford to give his whole time to exploiting the treasures of heaven, especially as that is what he is paid to do. But, not satisfied with settling the financial policy of the Republican party, this energetic minister wants to relieve Hanna of the custody of the McKinley boom. "I would like to be the man to nominate William McKinley," he remarks, "and kick old Platt's barrels over."

That is really unnecessary. Mr. Platt's barrels are already over, and the amusement of kicking them having palled, there is now an eager competition for the honor of kicking Mr. Platt. But if the Rev. Mr. Myers wants the gold standard it will be his best policy to stick to straight religion and let Platt alone. Even in his present mutilated condition, Mr. Platt can do more for gold than Mr. Myers could if he took a post-graduate course in political economy in a theological seminary.

It is said that the sound money Democrats of New Jersey intend to resent a free silver nomination at Chicago by refusing to put an electoral ticket in the field. When a hulk is derelict it belongs to anybody that chooses to take possession of it. There are some silver Democrats, even in New Jersey. If the men in charge of the regular organization refused to call a convention to nominate electors they would have a right to act for themselves. It is probable that anybody in New Jersey who wants to vote for a Democratic President this year will have an opportunity to do so, whether many care to avail themselves of it or not.

The recall of Cardinal Sotillo from the United States will be a source of regret beyond the limits of his own communion. Although he came here as a foreigner, not over acquainted with our language, the Cardinal seemed at once to grasp the spirit of our institutions. From the first he took the liberal American side in all the controversies in the church, and did it at the same time with a suave diplomacy that left no ground for offence to those he was compelled to disappoint. If the Catholic Church in America had always been guided by men like Sotillo, Gibbons and Ireland there would have been fewer religious dissensions among our people. It is to be hoped that the new ablegate may continue the policy of his predecessor.

It was judicially decided yesterday that Mrs. Fleming once wrote of her sister Florence: "Dam sorry that she is such a dam mischief-maker." The counsel for the lady contended that the word was really not "dam," but "darn." This theory seems much more plausible than the one adopted by Recorder Goff: "Darn sorry" is ungrammatical, likewise unconventional, but "dam sorry" is meaningless.

The Recorder did not even specify the kind of dam he supposed Mrs. Fleming to mean, whether a mill dam, a coffer dam or a tinker's dam. A prisoner is legally entitled to the benefit of every doubt. This was at least a doubtful case, and yet the Recorder decided it off-hand against the defendant. There is certainly material for an exception here.

The European Ambassadors have warned the Porte that if it persists in persecuting the Christians of Crete it will lose the good will of the powers. To express its dread of this awful possibility the Porte will probably order as conspicuous and comprehensive a massacre as the combative instincts of the Cretans will permit. It was after similar diplomatic warnings that the Turks herded four thousand Armenians, men, women, children and babies, into a church at Oorfa, poured kerosene over them from the galleries and then set fire to them, tossing the few that escaped back into the flames, and incidentally killing four thousand more on the outside. The Cretans are not as good material for massacring purposes, however, as the Armenians. They have arms, and they outnumber the Mohammedan inhabitants of the island. They may be exterminated by Turkish troops if the powers permit, but the process will not be so much a rabbit-drive as a wildcat hunt.

Impressions of Moscow and Its Polic

Moscow, June 1.—"One does not telegraph such things."

The official who pronounced this dictum was chief of the Press Bureau and the most amiable gold-stick I ever met.

I felt very much like asking: "Where is the harm? If the censor in St. Petersburg does not like my dispatch, he will throw it into the waste basket. The telegraph office meanwhile having pocketed the tolls?" But instead of letting out any glib knowledge of Russian autocratic dogma I merely questioned my friend whether the matter under discussion was not acknowledged as true by the authorities. "Oh yes," said he, "to admit your eyes have been betrayed you. The peasant mobs have stoned and unhorsed a cavalcade of heralds when the latter were unable to supply all demands for coronation pronouncements, several men were badly hurt and one herald's vestments were torn into shreds; but, pray, what is that to the people of America? Still, we do not ask you to suppress news. Please yourself about it," and shaking my hand violently and with a bow fit for a king, the amiable gold-stick wished me a very good evening.

This is a fair example of the difficulties that threatened news reporting in Moscow. Of course, I called the incident alluded to like dozens of a similar nature, but whether or not further from St. Petersburg I am unable to say.

Ever since returning to Berlin I have read the most fulsome explanations of the tragedy of May 30 in censored and doctored dispatches and letters, which shifted the blame from one shoulder to the other. An American police reporter, if he were allowed to speak his mind, would have pronounced judgment in a few words—hunger and lack of police protection.

For two weeks I watched the half million of ill-fed peasants from the interior, tramping aimlessly through the streets and squares of the coronation town, many having travelled hundreds, others thousands of miles to the orthodox Mecca; the men in sheepskin greatcoats, the wool turned outside in deference to the approaching Summer season; a square piece of matting serving as shoes, and a sort of military cap, black and without coardest, as head-gear. Males were in the majority, forming about two-thirds of the mob, and their women proved hardly more attractive than themselves. Poor creatures, not a neat or handsome one in the entire lot! Most of them were dressed very much like their male companions, only the better-to-do proudly floated a bright red cotton scarf from the top of their head or wore a calico frock that reached to their knees.

There was not one among a hundred peasant women without a sucking baby at her breast and a month's provision on her back. Thus twice burdened they trudged along with father, brother, husband or lover from morn until the last candle on the Kremlin towers had spluttered out, forever following the stream of sight-seers and shouting and hurraing at every given sign.

A Russian general told me scarcely ten per cent of the peasants assembled had brought any money, which was not surprising, for he knew the satisfaction of owning a twenty-kopek piece above their taxes," he added, with a sneer.

These masses then were entirely dependent upon the victuals and drink they had brought from their rural homes. Is it to be wondered at that after three weeks—for many spent from six to ten days on the road before reaching the capital—their stock of provision carried became nearly exhausted?

The popular feast in the Chodynaki Park was to relieve all distress, was to fill empty stomachs and stifle parched tongues. After weeks of dry bread and watery tea, such luxuries as rolls and cake and nuts and beer ad lib!

It was hunger that led the gale of distracted peasantry to carry by storm the canvas portcullis separating them from coveted food and drink; death-dealing omnivorousness turned this patient mob of nonentities into regiments and divisions irresistible, with their own brutal instincts for a general. The butchery in Chodynaki Park may well be called a military triumph in one sense, for it showed that the spirit of sullen, immovable onslaught lives in the Russian. He clutched his sheepskin or unfurled in black and dirty green, may Europe tremble at the aspect. There was no such exhibition of wanton recklessness and self-sacrifice since Plevna. The Czar cried when he heard the story and the master of police attempted suicide, each man giving way to the proper expression of feeling from his individual standpoint.

Nicholas was primarily responsible for the lack of police protection, having expressly forbidden to employ more than the ordinary number of blue coats and brass buttons. Like many other young rulers he meant to pose before the world as one having full confidence in his people's loyalty.

As for myself, if I live a hundred years I will never forget the Moscow police mass and his gracious ways, though I saw His Excellency only once. It happened on the afternoon preceding the great slaughter, and I was riding in my modest troika along one of the boulevards bent on taking leave of many official friends who resided in that part of the city. Suddenly two fantastically robed courtiers, bearing bearded staffs in their hands, loomed up in front of my vehicle, shouting in their barbaric tongue something I could not understand, and for which I cared less. As in obedience to my order the coachman continued on his way, one red-coated dunkey grabbed the middle horse by the bridle and threw him on his haunches, while the other belabored the driver with his stick, this happening so quickly that I scarcely had time to take it all in. However, having recovered from my surprise, I quickly rose to ward off the assault upon my man and team, when the scene again changed. Behold a glorious equipage drawn by five horses, three in front and two behind, driving by, the effort of hoofs and wheels covering my humble self with mud from the boots of my silk hat to the tips of my dome. The carriage had only one occupant, who seemingly regarded my predicament with great satisfaction, but was good enough to call off his servants by whistling sharply as his chariot turned the corner.

"By St. Ivan," cried my coachman, giving the whip to his beasts, "it was His Excellency the Master of Police."

Ah, it does one good to see the Moscow Police Master—return to common, everyday life.

HENRY W. FISCHER.

Sporting Item.

[Washington Post.] Colonel Jack Chlan is still somewhat of a starter. He lost his temper and started for one of the gold delegates at Lexington, but his friends averted trouble by pulling him.

Apotheosis of the Political Boss.

And the Greatest of These Is Hanna.

The distinguished Oriental entered the vast assembly and looked about him. For long he gazed on the multitude of Representative Intellects. Then with something of awe and admiration, he said:

"It is very impressive. I had no idea that such a spectacle was possible in a democracy. It reminds me of a Royal Pageant."

Again, for some solemn moments, he observed the docking hither and thither of the Nation's Chosen People.

"To one accustomed," he said, "to the slavish poses addressed to One Anointed by Divine Right this exhibition of the Voice of the People is very curious. We bow to the Thing in the Throne; you worship only such idols as you choose to choose. I almost believe"—he said a little—"that you are a better way."

There appeared, at this juncture, a large, coarse, vulgar-looking person. Immediately all the Representative Intellects crowded toward this man. They became hideous in their eagerness. They trampled on one another in the struggle to approach the light of his countenance.

The large, coarse person stood still, coldly regarding the throng of men who were in his pockets.

"I presume," said the Distinguished Oriental, in an awed whisper, "that the being yonder is the choice of the People. He is the idol they themselves have made, but whom, also, they can depose at will—their god and yet their creature? It is he whom they have chosen, is not he?"

"No," said the native, sadly; "he is the one that does the People's choosing. They call him the Political Boss." PERCIVAL POLLARD.

Mightier than the Mightiest.

Oscar Zeuss Hammerstein sat on his Olympus. Although surrounded by a score of lesser gods and goddesses—mostly goddesses—who bent upon him incessantly looks of adoration, Zeuss was not happy. It was plain that his mind was not upon the matter of his desultory conversation with majestic Hera, who stood at his right hand, and that his eye, instead of resting upon the limbed Artemis, newly returned, panting from the chase, was fixed upon some ab-

ject of distance. As this object was approaching Olympus at a high rate of speed its outlines were presently recognizable, so that Zeuss, heaving a sigh, said:

"It is Hermes, my fleet-footed messenger. Make room for Hermes."

Dashing through the press of assembled critics the fleet-footed one prostrated himself at the feet of Zeuss.

"Rise," commanded the god of gods. "Have you learned the truth?"

"I have, O mighty Zeuss."

"And can inform us wherefore mortals no longer patronize the games of Olympus?"

"I can, O powerful Zeus,"

"Speak, then. Hast thou one risen who dares dispute our supremacy?"

"There has, O dread, majestic Zeus."

Then rose Oscar Zeuss Hammerstein, in his wrath fearful to behold, thundering:

"Where, then, is this new Olympian?"

"It is called St. Louis, O excellent Zeus."

"And where there is a Zeus who has power to cause mortals to turn from Zeus and bend the knee to him?"

"Mark Hanna," whispered the fleet-footed one. And Oscar Zeuss lifted up his voice and wept.

Hanna.

From his word which is law no appeal can there be.

He's the boss from his head to his heels—This political beauty on whom Plato can see. As he says, no promiscuous medals. He will wage, like old Spartans, into the fray. For the uscent, the cake and banana; The convention he'll run in his masterly way—Oh, that's what's the matter with Hanna!

The allegers he owns to a man from the South, And he runs them about as he pleases; Oh, his leary can be heard when he opens his mouth.

On his fingers of these bear-laden breeches, But still does his smile most serenely unfold Like the leaves of the beautiful canna, Though he's sorely perplexed on the subject of gold—Oh, that's what's the matter with Hanna!

All the business men with suspicion are racked, And they write him regarding sound money, And the bankers all think he's a serious fact, Which conclusion's, indeed, very funny; But he's happy all through when cajoling the mope.

From the wilds of Middle and Savannah, Or regarding the tumblering Platt as a joke, Oh, that's what's the matter with Hanna!

Now, he doesn't want Reed for a little red cent, While the boat of McKinley be paddled, And it's down at St. Louis he's not Hades bent To discover of the boglet that straddles, Though his words bimetallic fall sweetly, alas, Like the flakes of the coveted manna, All his gold and his silver's not up to his brass—Oh, that's what's the matter with Hanna!

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

As Others See Him.

Mark Hanna well, but mark Platt, too.—Pittsburg Press.

Come to think of it, why shouldn't Mark Hanna run that convention? He seems to be paying all the expenses.—Washington Post.

It is now eminently proper to refer to it as the Grand Old Hanna Party.—Washington Post.

The few remaining wily sinners will observe with amazement that Mr. Hanna is scorching down the stretch with his lantern out.—Detroit News.

Yet somehow Mark Hanna is not losing any sleep about Platt got there.—Cincinnati Tribune.

Even Hanna has not been able to lose J. Edward Addicks altogether. Three rises above the din of St. Louis, above the band, the hurrahs and the petulant voice of the empty Southern delegate, the sound of the same old Addicks clamor and claim: "I bought the State and I'm going to get it!"—Philadelphia Times.

Hanna is in St. Louis, and the Plattites are wearing smoked glasses.—Chicago Dispatch.

The news that Hanna's health is failing creates widespread alarm. Some unfeeling wretch has reminded Ottobene that death loves a shining glass.—Philadelphia Call.

It seems very difficult for Mr. Hanna to find a financial plank that has no splinters in it.—Washington Star.

Hanna seems to have charge of the canteen department of the Canton movement.—Memphis Commercial-Appel.

Anything that Hanna wants is now the platform of Matthew Stanley Quay.—Kansas City Star.

The arrival of several carloads of watermelons at St. Louis is another bit of evidence of Mark Hanna's executive ability. He will now be able to handle the colored delegates without trouble.—Washington Post.

His Nationality.

"O'm for McKinley's Irish tone," said Mr. McGoogian to Mr. McGoogian, during a political discussion.

"To hell with 'im," responded McGoogian irreverently.

"Plawhat do yez mane by that, McGoogian, an' 'im man of the Me's?"

"He jalbers, he'll never be wid us."

"O'rish, be domd."

"O'it tell yez he's O'rish," insisted McGoogian.

"And O'it tell yez, McGoogian, he's not. Ar he was O'rish would be kapin' his mouth shut an' his hands wh' white there was a rowd' an' the lokes ar the was that is now! Be gorra, he would not," and McGoogian turned away in disgust.

Information for the People.

State Hospitals.

Editor Journal: A widow has two sons; one of them is in the State Hospital, the other is supporting her for the last two years, she being sick nearly all the time. If she leaves her property to the one that has taken care of her can the other get any part of the property by law? HOUSE.

Saratoga Springs, June 4. If able so to do she must pay the hospital for care of son.

In regard to Hospitals.

Editor Journal: Will you tell me of a hospital where a lady suffering from rupture may go for treatment as a day patient? SUFFERER.

Cripple and Rupture Hospital, Forty-second street and Lexington avenue.

Buffalo Pawnbroker Correct.

Editor Journal: When in Buffalo, in July, 1895, I pawned my watch for \$5, mislaid ticket and found it a short time ago. The Chicago \$10 coin per month, and also clause that "all articles with interest four months in arrears will be sold as soon as the creditor can find a buyer." Can they do it and can they charge 10 per cent per month? Kindly advise me through columns of your paper what to do about it. If anything can be done, as I do not like to lose the watch, which is quite valuable. Very respectfully, yours, A. M.

New York, June 1. Buffalo ordinances allow pawnbrokers 10 per cent per month on sums of \$1 to \$10, and sales after expiration of three months are limited to payment of money under the contract.

Sue Him.

Editor Journal: I sent money to a lawyer to cancel a debt, but it was misappropriated, and I demanded its return. A worthless check was sent me. What shall I do? MISPLACED CONFIDENCE.

Jersey City.

All's Well That Ends Well.

Editor Journal: When I was some what is to me a very knotty problem? I came to this country in 1869, at the age of twelve years. My father married a second time, and after one year I ran away from home. I assumed another name, and when I was twenty-four I took out papers under my assumed name and was married. Now I wish to marry and resume my right name, as I was never reconciled to my father's second wife. I do not know what to do. JOHN D. ROSE.

Orange, N. J. If my father has become a citizen you need no naturalization papers. Do nothing but take your real name and go ahead.

Money in Chancery.

Editor Journal: Who is the proper person to write to concerning money that is in the Court of Chancery in New York? AN INQUIRER.

H. D. Pearce, Esq., Principal Clerk, Court of Chancery, London, England.

Statute of Limitations Bars It.

Editor Journal: That shall I do with a promissory note made February 1, 1891, in the State of New Jersey, when I recover on it now? M. S. J.

New York, June 4.

Right of Non-Resident.

Editor Journal: If a man working on the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad gets hurt while working for it, can he bring suit against it in his home State? He has been living in the State of Connecticut when he got hurt and lives there now. T. J. G.

Stamford, Conn., June 2.

Yes, but special reasons should be shown.